Lydia in MAY BLAYNEY. Quo Vadis Thors Photo

nose grave a crop of widows
h, mushroom suddenness.
others.

EGENERACY

---

of old romance!
knight? His craze is
eases in his pants,
he german's mazes.

KNOW HYPNOTISM!"
or Somebody through the
mns of a daily paper. Then
olumn of frenzied declara-
advantages of being a hyp-
cast a spell over every one
s. Lessons in hypnotism
by this wise man of the
se the professor will have a
scholars throughout the
after, when men and women
es steadfastly upon me, I
ct them of insanity. I will
zzling offer of the Professor
ism free, and will know that
would-be spellbinders are
sticking to the Professor's

ONUNDRUM.

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the homely maid is seldom
ved,

chance for every body. At a cost of forty cents each, even a woman journalist can afford a grove of orange trees. My heart once more beats high with the hope, once sadly crushed to earth by dearth of capital, that I may yet be an orange grower in this, my beloved State. No longer need I despair because land cultivated to oranges costs a fortune per acre. I can send to Florida and import my orange grove. Up in my attic I can set out my trees and grow preserves at home while my pencil grinds out copy at an office desk 'steen stories in the air down